

# LADIES MUSEUM.

VOL. I.

"BLENDING THE USEFUL WITH THE SWEET."

NO. 12.

PROVIDENCE, (R. I.) SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1825.

## LADIES MUSEUM,

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### Miscellany.

[ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.]

FOR THE LADIES MUSEUM.

DEAR AUNT—The following is one of the letters of which I promised you a perusal in my last. Although I have been in possession of this *epître* for some time, it will not be the less acceptable to one who appears to be so much interested in the subject of its contents:

Dear Charlotte—Your agreeable letter of — inst. was received and perused with no ordinary degree of pleasure. I admire your taste in the selection of subjects for the employment of your time.—Chemistry is certainly a very pleasing and useful science; and it gives me great delight to learn with what attention you apply yourself to the acquisition of this and other branches of useful and ornamental knowledge. I hope among other studies you will not neglect that of the French language, for I wish we may soon resume our correspondence in that beautiful and luxuriant tongue. Music and painting appear to receive a considerable share of your present attention, though you have happily made them subjects of amusement and relaxation. The former is a science of considerable depth and intricacy; it is but little studied, but universally admired; and in the language of that accomplished writer, Blair, "the human soul may be moved, in all its passions, by music; and as a soother of the mind, and a source of exquisite pleasure, the practice on some instrument cannot be too highly recommended as a branch of liberal education, to people of both classes." Nor is this all, for while music is studied or practiced for the purposes of amusement, it develops to the mind that sweet but mysterious science of harmony, which at once improves and captivates the soul. Painting is an art much practiced, but in which very few excel, and those who become distinguished in this refined accomplishment are more indebted to nature than art. Now, as you know, Charlotte, I profess some little knowledge of both Music and Painting, I delight, while in the field, pursuing my favorite study of Botany, to draw some diversified landscape

or romantic scenery, and while at home with brother William on the flute, sister Julia on the piano, and the sonorous accompaniments of pa and ma, I really enjoy quite a musical concert. I think with you, Charlotte, that there is nothing more erroneous than the opinion among mankind, respecting female education. Instead of the noble sciences, Astronomy, Chemistry, &c. which exalt the feelings and raise the heart to the Supreme Being, females are usually taught some trifling arts of dress and fashion, which are calculated only to render their minds more weak and feminine. I am candid, however, in acknowledging, that this error does not belong exclusively to men. The ever-careful mother thinks nothing so well calculated to establish the reputation, and ensure the success of her daughter, as a nice attention to the popular female fashions.—These fashions, which appear to have engrossed almost the whole care of young ladies, to the exclusion of quite every intellectual accomplishment, demand, in fact, but a small show of our time, although I agree with you in thinking a total inattention to them not less pardonable than the other extreme. But the personal appearance is too often the criterion by which people are appreciated. However false this standard of judgment, yet it were not policy to disregard what even a respectable class of the community so easily believe.

I suppose you will wish to hear how I employ my time here. I would gratify so laudable a wish the more willingly, did I think you could derive any advantage from my account. During the intensely warm weather of summer, I have devoted a considerable part of my time to Music, and that beautiful French manner of working lace. Though I would not have you think, Charlotte, that I neglect domestic concerns, for I think a proper knowledge of them an essential branch of a good education. This winter I intend, with sister Julia, to study your favorite science of Chemistry; and as pa is furnishing us with a little apparatus, I hope we shall render this important science the more agreeable and interesting. I intend also to pay some attention to Astronomy, during winter evenings, as brother William has a very good glass, and is, as you know, enthusiastically fond of this sublime science. You see I have marked the outlines of no small task, and that I shall have but little time to devote to the perusal of novels, or employ in other fashionable abuses of time, which you so much dislike. I will not forget to mention, I shall in a few days set out for the Saratoga Springs, in which tour I promise myself a great deal of pleasure, as I shall carry with me materials for the analysis of those waters, and shall have a good opportunity to attend to Botany. When I return, I shall not fail to give you an account of my journey, and the success of my new chemical experiments, &c.

Your affectionate friend,

PRUDY CAREFUL

### MARIA RUSSLING.

If there is a scene on earth which the departed spirit of the Saints made perfect delight to visit; if there is one recollection worth a call back to this vale of tears, from Heaven's bosom, an angel of light, who had left behind him, in his flight across the gulph which divides eternity from time, a mortal body on the silent shores of death, it is that scene where filial affection smiles above the care-worn brow of age, dissipates the overshadowing gloom of poverty and sorrow, and replenishes, with joyful fondness and solicitude, the lamp of life, as it begins to grow dim across a mother's or father's brow; it is a recollection, that even in a world, so full of sin, and selfishness, and treachery, as this, youth have been found, devoting the flower of their days in the care and support of those who, in their infancy, took care and supported them—thus repaying, as far as was in their power, the debt of gratitude they had incurred by the permission of heaven, when they were helpless. And such was the scene at the lonely little cottage that bordered on the Oakland farms—such are the recollections now associated with the name of Maria Russling.

It was one cold and dreary night in mid winter that I was returning home from a visit I had been paying to a friend at Oakland. The ground had no where been visited for two past months, and for a fortnight the snow had fallen in greater or smaller quantities almost every day. It now lay several feet deep over all the country; and drifted as it was in many places into large hillocks of recent formation, it rendered the travelling extremely difficult. The heavens that night were darkened by flying clouds, and the dim twinkling of a few solitary stars which shone at intervals through their passing folds, scarcely afforded sufficient light to enable me to keep the path towards Alesbury, which, leading along the side of the hill, was less difficult to travel than the road up the valley. I had not progressed more than a mile towards the village when I met a man on horseback following a little flaxen-headed boy, who was leading the way with a bright pine light burning in his hand. It was Dr. Frederick W. and a little messenger who had been sent to call him to the relief of a sick person, who lay in the cottage on the other side of the hill. As the distance was short, for the sake of company on my return, I consented to go with them, at the solicitation of Frederick. We rode up the hill side, "and how is it, (said Frederick to our young guide, apparently assuming a conversation which I had broken off,) how is it that you consented to come so far for me on such a night? Do you get paid for all this trouble?" "No, indeed, (said the child,) poor Maria Russling has nothing to pay with, and if she had, I would not take it from her—every body loves her, and I love her, too, and that is the reason we're all glad to do her a good turn." "And what makes every body love her?" asked

Jonathan W. Spencer.



Frederick. "Because she is good to me, I love her; and others say they love her because she takes care of her poor mother, who is sick, and is a good girl, and is always doing a good turn to some one."—"Ah! it is no wonder she is beloved then," said Frederick, and rode on without uttering another word—for the cottage was now in sight from the round hill top, and the wind began to whistle along our pathway most cold and desolate.

We hurried down the declivity, and in ten minutes entered the habitation that had been for many past summers the scene of sweet contentment and domestic happiness; and I could not but call to mind its beautiful appearance when I last visited it, in the early part of the season, and shuddered at the contrast it now presented. Then the flowers, and the vines, and the waving trees, and the extensive neat little garden smiled delightfully, and all its inmates looked happy as the scenery was sweet—now a lonely night, and all the heartless desolation of winter hung silent as death upon it, and shone cheerlessly around it—while from within, every trace of the bright sun-shine of happier days had vanished.

Stretched in a low but neat and clean looking bed lay the wan and emaciated form of a sick woman—by the bed side stood a table on which some little nourishment and simple medicines were spread. Over the snowy pillow, gazing on the not less pallid brow that reclined upon it, leaned the only child of Mrs. Russling—it was Maria. So young, and yet so beloved; so lonely, and yet so tender and affectionate; so delicate, and yet so charming and endearing; so beautiful, and innocent, and lovely, and yet so unfortunate—Oh! it was a problem in the philosophy of Providence that had no accompanying solution.

There is something awful in the solemn stillness that surrounds the death bed; something unnerving to the wild vacant stare of the dying—when life seems to have ebbed back from the cold extremities of the centre, and the trembling spirit full of its own immortality, has gathered its essence to a point, and beams with unearthly brightness in the wild rolling eye. This last look of the dying met us here; the physician had come too late; and we felt as though we had been suddenly called to stand with the departing one on the still shore that divides the visible from the invisible world. And she, who, in the affection of a young and tender heart, had soothed, and cheered, and comforted her widowed mother for years together, and who had followed her step by step to this last trying scene; she, whose unbending fortitude had withstood the trials of poverty, and who had smiled in meek submission amid all the bitter visitings of grief—when now the chord of life was to be broken, and no hope remained; when now the only heart in this wide world, on whose love she could recline, was fluttering its last, and the lips, whose smile she remembered; and the tongue, whose accents were still remembered, and seemed fresh upon her ear, were pale and silent—O! how she clasped her hands, and her long cherished agony of sorrow burst forth in tears: "My mother, oh, my mother! no fond adieu! no parting farewell glance! no parent's blessing! my mother! my poor dear mother, do not leave me thus an orphan!"—

She was silent—she gazed on the breathless victim of death; a long sigh told that the awful moment was come and past. Her mother's corpse was before her.

We had remained with full hearts the silent spectators of this solemn scene; and just as it was over, and the beautiful heart-broken girl had been led to another apartment, day broke upon the sad gloomy night, and the sun came over the snow-wreathed forests. The necessary attendants were called in—and we departed.

The next day all the villagers assembled at the cottage, and the remains of the deceased mother were conveyed to the church-yard at Oakland. All the way, as the procession moved along, the praises of the dutiful and loving child were bespoken; every one seemed anxious to tell how long she had supported her feeble parent, and how kind and constant she had been through every scene of sickness and sorrow. The aged blessed her, and the youth gazed upon her as a being of superior grade.

Virtue never goes unrewarded to the grave; and heaven had no more sorrows in store for the amiable and lovely girl. Eighteen months after this event, Frederick and Maria were united. Her happiness was perfect; and I have heard her say, that amid all the delights that surrounded her, none gave her more joy than the constant, tender, fervent and dutiful love, with which six beautiful children idolized her.

#### REMINISCENCES—NO. III.

*"Farewell—sweet power of love—farewell."*

Dropping the sympathetic tear over the grave of departed worth, and regretting that the young, the generous and the noble-hearted Orville should so soon fall a prey to vice, that he, once the pride of a fond parent's heart, should so soon be cut down in his mad career to ruin, I advanced to a spot where stood two beautifully carved monuments. A drooping willow which hung over them cast a melancholy shade around, and filled the mind with a pensive awe. I approached, and read on the one, the following inscription: "*Sacred to the memory of Edmund Seagrave, who departed this life, aged 20 years, beloved and respected by all who knew him.*" On the other was inscribed: "*Sacred to the memory of Emma Clifford, who departed this life, aged 18, beloved and deplored by the circle of her numerous friends and relatives, who well knew how to appreciate her worth and mourn her loss.*" I well remembered Edward and Emma. The former was the son of a wealthy merchant in my native village. His father, proud, arrogant and overbearing, considered every one who was his inferior in fortune, to be equally so in merit; and, by his pride and insolence, estranged from himself the affections of every one. But the son was beloved and respected to as great a degree as the father was detested and despised. Edmund, affable in his manners and conciliating in his address, won the esteem and respect of all. He was the same affable and engaging youth, whether by the social hearth, or in the crowded ball-room. No wonder, then, that he, possessing such captivating powers, such noble qualities, and such an amiable disposition,

should win the affections of a young, tender and affectionate female.

Emma Clifford was the only daughter of a once opulent, but now degraded citizen—degraded, not in honor, but in fortune. Young, beautiful, and retiring, she sought not the giddy amusements and pleasures which generally engross the attention of ardent youth in the full prime of their existence, but made it her only delight to soothe the distresses of a beloved parent, and alleviate, by the labor of her hands, the train of miseries which penury brings along with it, and which are naturally calculated to weigh down the heart, and suppress those feelings of vivacity and pleasure, which otherwise would arise. Often, as I have passed by her father's cottage, and seen the lovely Emma employed in labour, and submitting that form which appeared more fit to grace a throne, to servile drudgery, I have exclaimed, with the Poet:

*"O what a pure and sacred thing  
Is beauty, curtained from the sight  
Of the gross world—illuminating  
One only mansion with its light."*

But shut out as she was from the common gaze of the world, and immured in the walls of a lonely cottage, Emma's beauty and worth were not unknown nor unappreciated. Many there were, who, attracted by the dazzling lustre of her beauty and the richness of her mind, admired and wooed the beautiful maid. But there was one, among all these whose advances were less bold, and whose professions of love were less glaring than the rest—there was one whose glowing cheek and sparkling eye, when in the presence of Emma, bespoke a heart warm with all those tender emotions which agitate the breast of a fond and youthful lover.

Edmund had long secretly loved the charming Emma, but was restrained from disclosing his passion, knowing that his father would as willingly behold him in his grave, as in the embraces of Emma Clifford. She, too, was not insensible to the tender impressions of love, but felt the fondest affections springing up in her heart, and attaching themselves to him who soon became the idol of her soul.

Cherishing the fond remembrance of the past, and indulging in those golden anticipations which fancy held out to his view in the prospect of better days, she rested her heart's dearest affections on him, and fondly nurtured her love, and though in secret, promised many a happy day of joy spent in the sweet embraces of conjugal affection. She was in the glad spring of her life, and in her day-dreams of bliss pictured to her mind nought but felicity, pure and uninterrupted.

Unable any longer to restrain his love, Edmund resolved to confess his passion to Emma, which she heard with a bright but timid glow of joy. But his greatest concern was, to obtain the consent of his father—desirous rather that the nuptial tie should be ratified by a father's lips, than that a father's curse, which he feared would be denounced upon him, should rest upon his head. But all entreaties, persuasions and threats, were alike unavailing. The father's heart was callous to every prayer and every tear, till, at last, Edmund, rendered desperate by



such an obstinate refusal from him who was the author of his being, and who should have been the promoter of his happiness, resolved to conduct the blooming Emma to the hymenial altar, and enter into that sacred engagement which should bind him forever to her, the chief joy of his heart, and which no human power could sever. But the father was soon aware of his intention, and determined to cut off the possibility of putting his schemes into execution; and hoped, by forcing him from the sight of Emma, that his attachment, which he considered merely as an ebullition of youthful passion, would soon subside.

Such was their situation when I left the place of my nativity. The sight of their grave-stones brought back to my mind the remembrance of their love; and I eagerly enquired of my friend the sequel of their story. Such love as their's was not to be blighted by absence, but it rather served to inflame the ardor of their attachment. Edmund was removed by his father far from the sight of Emma; but he pined in sorrowing sadness, until he fell into a raging fever, and quickly died, raving, in a state of mental derangement, cursing his father, and calling on the name of the mistress of his heart.

The tender and susceptible spirit of Emma could not long sustain the shock; but she drooped like the sweet and blooming rose-bud, when nipped by the winter frost. Her pure spirit soon took its flight to rejoin her lover in the realms of bliss, where purest joys reign in uninterrupted harmony.

Here, the mortal remains now repose, undisturbed; and the spot of their resting-place is designated by these monuments, reared by the hand of friendship.

FLORIAN.

#### "GONE TO POT."

The Captain of a vessel, lying in the river, wishing to give his crew a treat, on a rejoicing day, left two sons of Hibernia to take care of the ship, and told them they might have double allowance of grog, but cautioned them against firing a gun, as there was reason to apprehend some great danger. This they promised; but after enjoying a hearty dinner, together with the fumes of the liquor, one of them proposed to have a shoot to themselves, which the other objected to, as it would make a great noise—but the most fertile in invention said he could prevent that, and immediately placed the iron pot, used for cooking, on the mouth of the gun, and, setting himself across it, held the pot by the ear to prevent its flying off! He then requested his messmates to "shoot asy"—but the alarm was heard by the Captain and crew, who hastened on board, and enquired the reason of the alarm—"Murphy and me," answered Pat, "had a mind to have a bit of shoot to ourselves." "Where is Murphy?" said the Captain. "Where is Murphy?" replied the Irishman, smiling, and scratching his head, "did'nt you meet him now? faith, he's just gone ashore in the Iron Pot!"

#### A GOOD EXCUSE.

An Irishman was brought up before the Magistrate for marrying six wives. The Magistrate asked him how he could be so hardened a villain? Please your worship, said Paddy, *I was trying to get a good one.*

#### "INFORMATION WANTED."

"I rise, Sir, for information," said a very grave member of a legislative body, who then made no great figure in the business in which he was engaged, but has since far outgrown in political importance, both his own and his neighbor's expectations. "I am very glad to hear it, (said a by-stander,) for no man wants it more."

#### A LAUGHABLE CIRCUMSTANCE.

An Irishman, comparing his Watch by St. Paul's, and bursting into a fit of laughter, was asked what he laughed at. He replied, and how can I help it? when here is my little Watch, that was made by Paddy O'Flaherty, on Ormondquay, and which cost me only five guineas, has beat your big London Clock, there, *an hour and a quarter* since yesterday morning.

#### A MILITARY FAREWELL.

A Military Officer, of diminutive stature, was lately drilling an Irishman considerably above six feet in height. "Hold up your head," said the Officer, elevating the chin of the Irishman with the head of his cane to an angle of nearly forty-five degrees. "Hold up your head so, and throw your eyes somewhat to the right, thus." "And must I always do so, my noble Captain?" asked the recruit, with much apparent simplicity: "Yes, always," answered the Officer. "Then fare you well, my dear little fellow," rejoined Paddy, "I shall never see you again."



#### POETRY.

(ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.)

FOR THE LADIES MUSEUM.

#### AN EVENING WALK.

The sun was just retiring  
To western worlds afar,  
And I, to walk aspiring,  
Emerged from city-bar.

The vaulted arch seemed gleaming  
With precious pearls to view—  
The owl began her screaming,  
To bid the sun adieu.

At length all day-light, fading,  
Resembled female form,  
When sere old age, pervading,  
Darkens the fairest morn.

The Nightengale, now singing,  
Charmed the nocturnal scene—  
Yet warbled wild and piercing,  
In twilight's fading gleam.

Blind darkness, fast approaching,  
Threw round her sombre veil—  
While fear, my heart reproaching,  
Quick formed a ghastly tale.

The Moon, now mild, ascending,  
Behind thin clouds, faint gleamed;  
When all their beauty blending—  
She ne'er more lovely seemed.

In splendor high careering,  
To western hills she hied;  
Still beaming light as cheering  
To all the world beside.

I followed her example,  
And homeward bent my way;  
The light she gave was ample,  
And lasted until day.

G.

#### "SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES."

The following lines were composed by N. H. Carter, Esq. on board Packet Ship Corinthian, sung on the passage, and extracted from his second letter from Europe, published, a few days since, in the N. Y. Statesman:

Come, send round the can—tho' the last of our lives  
Be this night, we will drink to our 'Sweethearts and Wives,'

And pledge them the warmer, and dream of them more,

The father we rove from our dear native shore.

Good angels, protect them, wherever they are,  
And peace be their portion while we are afar;  
May their spirits pursue, as the billows we stem,  
And be thinking of us, while we are drinking to them.

As trembles the needle, and points to the pole,  
Let each still be true to the girl of his soul;  
And whatever attractions may lead us to roam,  
May the magnet of feeling be ever at home.

From the full flowing goblet as each of us sips,  
Let him think how much sweeter's the nectar of lips:  
Then send round the can—tho' the last of our lives  
Be this night, we will drink to our 'Sweethearts and Wives.'

#### THE MOTHER.

See what tenderness and care,  
Unwearied, she bestows,  
On that dear pledge of virtue's love,  
To hush its little woes.

Both day and night, her anxious tho't  
Attends its every cry;  
Scarce knows she rest, but constant sings  
The soothing lul-la-by.

If now it 'plains—a Mother's voice  
Its little mind can charm;  
And on her tender bosom laid,  
It feels secure from harm.

A MOTHER—'tis a sacred name,  
The veriest wretch adores;  
And to the God of nature, praise,  
Who made THIS BLESSING OURS.

Old Huggins ask'd his 'prentice, Bevil,  
How long he meant to serve the Devil?  
'Why,' quoth the lad, with look devout,  
'You know, sir, when my time is out.'

## VERSES,

BY AN UNFORTUNATE YOUNG LADY.

The chilling gale that nip'd the rose,  
Now murmuring, sinks to soft repose ;  
The shad'wy vapours sail away,  
Upon the silv'ry floods of day :  
Health breaths on every face I see,  
But, ah ! she breaths no more on Me.

The woodbine wafts its odours meek  
To kiss the rose's glowing cheek ;  
Pale twilight sheds her vagrant show'rs  
To wake Aurora's infant flow'rs :  
May smiles on every face I see,  
But, ah ! she smiles no more on Me.

Perchance, when youth's delicious bloom  
Shall fade unheeded in the tomb,  
Fate may direct a daughter's eye  
To where my mould'ring reliques lie :  
And, touched by sacred sympathy,  
That eye may drop a tear for Me.

Betrayed by love ; of hope bereft ;  
No gentle gleam of comfort left ;  
Bowed by the hand of sorrow low ;  
No pitying friend to weep my woe :  
Save her, who, spared by Heaven's decree,  
Shall live to sigh, and think on Me.

Oh ! I would wander where no ray  
Breaks through the gloom of doubtful day,  
There would I court the wintry hour,  
The ling'ring dawn, the midnight shower :  
For cold and comfortless shall be  
Each future scene—ordained for Me.

## THE FISHERESS.

AS DELIA with her cruel hook

Leaned o'er the rippling wave,  
To lure its inmates from the brook  
Wherein they chose to lave :  
She placed her *bait* so heedlessly  
That every fish the *barb* could see.

The finny race (like Bachelors wise !)  
Smiled at the luscious bait,  
And while on it they strained their eyes  
They did not care to bite :  
They would not taste the savory fare,  
Because a *hook* was glist'ning there !

'Tis thus, I thought, with *many* maids,  
Who bait for *other* fish,  
And put it in their silly heads  
That not a soul can miss :  
Find all in vain the pains they've took,  
Because *too oft* they've shown the *hook* !

## THE ADIEU.

I gave to my woodlands a mournful adieu,  
The breath of the morn wildly sigh'd o'er the vale ;  
And loveliest of all was the last parting view,  
For 'twas urg'd by the fondest farewell.

The night-dew still shone on the blossoming breast  
Of the dear little spot which in childhood I lov'd ;  
And I sigh'd, but 'twas not the deep sigh of distress,  
For mem'ry and feeling approv'd.

The morning birds twitter'd the wild-wood among  
And merrily carroll'd the blush of the morn ;  
And oft I have listen'd to hear the sweet song—  
O, when shall that season return ?

Blest home of my fathers ! tho' climes intervene,  
And fortune still harass my spirit with care ;  
Yet still my fond bosom shall cherish thy scene,  
And still shall I long to be there.

CORRYDON.

## LADIES MUSEUM.

PROVIDENCE, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1825.

## A NOVELTY.

Among the novelties of the day, the New-York papers give an account of a Canal-Boat, which recently arrived in that city, from the interior, fitted up as a Museum. It contains a variety of natural curiosities, most of which were collected and preserved along the Grand Canal. The proprietor is a native of Vermont, who has added a number of interesting Wax Figures. His Floating Museum is confined to no particular place, but remains as long in one spot as customers are attracted by a Band of Music. On each side of his Ark, are painted, in legible characters, "*Canal Museum.*"

## A FAIR OFFER.

Some of the newspapers eastward, says the Black Rock Gazette, have adopted an old-fashioned practice of charging 25 cents for publishing Marriages ! Now, this is too barbarous—it smacks of the dark ages—it is literally throwing obstacles in the way of public matrimony—will it not encourage clandestine marriages ? Instead of charging for inserting the names of those who "exchange their solemn vows at the holy shrine of hymen," we now declare, that for every *Marriage*, occurring within the circulation of this paper, properly authenticated and communicated to us, we will insert the names of the happy pair in SMALL CAPITALS, under some beautiful lines of Poetry, such as—

*Come, Maidens all, rejoice with me,  
Not for my loss of liberty,  
But for the joys of that sweet hour  
Which bound my heart in wedlock's power—*  
—and we will give the paper into the bargain.

## TO A CORRESPONDENT.

The poetical favor of "*Anna H\*\*\*\*\**" has been received, and shall be attended to in our next.



## MARRIED,

In this town, Mr. Winslow Sturtevant, of Pembroke, to Mrs. Sarah B. Hatch, of Hanson.

On Sunday evening last, by Rev. J. N. Brown, Mr. Gustavus Williamson, of this town, to Miss Phila Hall, of Newport.

On Thursday week, by Rev. Mr. Webb, Mr. Borden A. Norton, to Miss Nancy Scott, daughter of Mr. Harvey Scott, all of this town.

On Sunday evening last, by Rev. Mr. Pickering, Mr. Thomas J. Arnold, of Smithfield, to Miss Nancy Lyon, of this town.

On Tuesday evening last, by Rev. Mr. Ludlow, Mr. Jesse Newell Olney, to Miss Julia-Ann R. H. Wheaton.

In North-Providence, same evening, by Rev. Henry Edes, Dr. George H. Tillinghast, of this town, to Miss Louisa Lyman, daughter of the Hon. Daniel Lyman.

In Welington, by the Rev. Mr. Gushue, Mr. Ward Cowing, Jr. of Cheraw, S. C. to Miss Mary Atwood, of the former place.



## DIED,

In this town, on Saturday evening last, John W. son of Mr. Charles Low, aged 17 months.

On Friday afternoon week, suddenly, Maria Jackson, daughter of Mr. Henry D. Weeden, aged two years.

On Thursday week, of consumption, Sarah B. Danforth, 2d daughter of Mr. Ozias Danforth, aged 15 years.

On Wednesday morning last, Mr. Thomas P. Clarke, aged 55 years.

In Smithfield, on Wednesday evening last, Mrs. Martha Briggs, consort of Mr. Joseph Briggs, aged 42 years.

In the Alms-House, Boston, Mrs. Hannah Smart, aged one hundred and three years and four months.

In Amsterdam, Mr. Samuel Bondry, a Dutch Jew, aged 96. He left, by will, funds to build and equip six sail of the line, of 74 guns each. There were found in his house forty-four casks full of coins of all the Princes in the world. A month was occupied in taking out and arranging these coins, and 8 days in counting them. For a long time he followed the armies of France, as a broker, visited all Europe, Africa, and America, and some of the establishments of Asia.

In Burlington county, N. Y. Thomas Fennemore, Esq. His death was caused by injuries received from an enraged Bullock, which he attempted to stop.—The Bullock rushed upon him with great violence, broke three of his ribs, and inflicted a deep wound in his thigh, and other injuries upon his body. A mortification and derangement of mind ensued, and finally caused his death.

New subscribers for the LADIES MUSEUM can have the numbers from the commencement of the volume, at one dollar and fifty cents per annum, by paying the same within three months from the time of subscribing.

WANTED, immediately, a suitable person to solicit subscribers for this paper, in the country towns, for which a reasonable compensation will be given.